NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1879.

THE CHAMPION PEDESTRIAN.

CHARLES ROWELL, OF CHESTERTON, TABLES THE BELT FROM WESTON.

al Merritt of Connecticut Second, George Hazael of London Third, Frank Hart of Hazael of London Third, Frank Hart of Haytt and of Massachusetts Fourth, George Gayon of Illinois Fifth—Edward Payson Gayon of Harlem Takes Only Sixth Place, while Easts and Krohne Succeed in Saving their Gate Money—The Full Story of a Day Crowded with Exciting Incident The Exciting Race between Hart, the Colored Boy, and Guyon-The Floral Gifts. The great International Pedestrian Tour-

nament for the Astley Belt and the Championship of the World closed in the Madison Square Sarden at 11 o'clock last night. Charles Rowell of Chesterton. England, was the winner of the belt. It was the second time he had won it. Samuel Merritt of Bridgeport, Conn., was 15 miles behind him, with a score of 515 miles. George Hazael of England was the third man in the race, having scored 500% miles. Frank Hart of Boston (colored) was fourth in the race, with a score of 482% miles. George Guyon of Chicago fifth, with a score of 471 miles. Edward Payson Weston, the late champion, was the sixth, with a score of 155 miles. John Ennis of Chicago was seventh, with a score of 450% miles. Frederick Krohne, a Prussian, was eighth, with a score of 450% miles. All the other competitors, with the exception of Norman Taylor of Vermont. withdrew previous to the end of the race. Tayor made 250 miles.

Rowell won the belt, but tarnished his honor He retired from the track, according to the official score, at 8:25, with 530 miles to his credit. At noon the betting was even that he would make 531 miles, and odds were taken that he would roll up 535. Heavy investments were made, and those who bet their money and pinned their faith on his ability to acemplish these distances heartily cursed im. Even the men who had bet that he would make over 530 miles lost their money, for he ook not a step beyond the 530 miles. According to the official score he had two hours and 35 minutes at his disposal. At the rate at which he was going he could sasily have made 540 miles, and with no extra effort have saved the money that his friends and admirers had staked upon him. I knew him." said one man, "when he was running on the townath for 25 shillings a week. He is now worth from \$45,000 to \$50,000, but if were in his place I would rather be back on the towpath than to stand in his shoes to-night." The table of the miles and laps made by each contestant at the end of each hour of the walk will be found on the sixth page of this issue,

THE EARLY MORNING START.

The Crewd Gathering Instead of Decreasing
-Merritt Cutting Out the Fast Pace-Weston Moving Like the Chost of Hamlet.

The sixth and last day of the great international pedestrian contest for the Astley belt began at I o'clock yesterday morning. The Garden was packed to the dome. The fight between Rowell and Merritt for first place was of the most exciting nature. The cheers were long, loud, and continuous. They arose from the building like the sound of steam from a huge tea kettle, but seemed to have little effect upon the walkers. Rowell maintained his dogged step, rarely breaking into a trot. Merrin, worn to a skeleton, swung his hands from side to side, and walked like a dead man impelied by a live man's will. The seats in the boxes reserved for the contestants were usurped by a crowd of well-dressed and excited men. Merritt was ten miles and four laps behind Bowell. Hazael was six miles behind Merritt. Hart and Guyon were twenty-two miles behind Hazael. Weston was ten miles behind Hart. nis four behind Krohne, and Federmeyer thirty-four behind Krohne. Merritt, Rowell, Hart, Ennis, and Hazael were the only ones on the course.

Weston had done the best work of the previous day, covering 84 miles within 24 hours. The others had made the following:

76 Knuis. 70 Festemeyer. 72 Rowell This score showed that if Weston had paid more attention to his walking and less to his utes. He had rested in all thirty hours and



miles, and certainly stood no show for securing any gate money. Bob Smith, Federmeyer's trainer, says that the Frenchman could can more, walk less, and grumble harder than any man he ever saw. "He would walk three or four miles," says Mr. Smith, "and then step into his tent saying. 'I vould like it, Mistaire Smeet, if I vood also like it, Mistaire Smeet, if I vood

Hart, and he marched with a sandwich in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. "On he can't eat nothing," said McGee: he's get-ting off his leed. Why he'd eat a baby with the smallpox if you'd let him, and relish it, too,"

THE WEIRD SCENE AT DATBREAK.

Hazael Waking up His Sicepy Trainer-Then Rucing with Hart-Weston in a Pet - His Renewed Complaints and Excuses. At 4 A. M. Hazael appeared promptly on time, a perfect picture of Dick Deadeye. On entering his tent he had found his trainer asleep. He stripped himself, bathed his feet in whiskey, doctored a soft corn, awoke his trainer, and demanded his cot. He slept an hour. Rowell had reappeared, attended by a sprig of nobility. He fed himself, but showed no disposition to take his place in the regiment. The Garden was thinning out. The regiment went to pieces. Hart began to chew a fresh toothpick and made a spurt. Ennis and the monkept together like brothers. Dick Deadeye drooped along as ionely as a mule in a tenacre lot, but as plucky as a thoroughbred ter Merritt and Guyon kept together, walking like automatons. The first three hours had passed. Howell had scored 465 miles;

CHARLES ROWELL OF CHESTERTON
Takes the Belt and Will Win about 250.00.

The crowd began to warm with a fresh extended to the control of the weak angle. The box four two first has a finished belt in the service of the weak angle, and the control of the weak angle. The box four two first has been a served to have four ward to much that he appeared to have four ward to much that he appeared to have four the property of the weak angle. The box four two first has been a served to see the served of the weak angle, and the served to see the served of the weak angle, and the served to see the served of the weak angle, and the served to see the served of the weak angle, and the served to see the served of the weak angle, and the served to see the served of the served to see the served to see the served of the served to see the served of the served to see the served to see

eat. continued with a slight novantage in favor of the negro. At 7 s o'cook Hart was a mile and a wan, half ahead. By 8 he had increased this lead to ter-two miles. Both men were walking slowly, no. Hart's temples were sunken and his eyes buighed ing from their sockets. Guyon's eyes were sunken and his temples were apparently bursting with pain. Merritt, Rowell, and Hazzel



SAMUEL MERRITT OF BRIDGEPORT Takes Second Place and Will Win about \$9.500.

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Prussian double quick and ran like a man on stills.

There was a cogent reason for Krohne's extraordinary outburst. Ennis had gone into his tent at 11 o'clock, and the Prussian saw achance for the seventh place. He took it and gained a mile before the return of Ennis. It was a step in the pair of stairs that led to the phantom champlonship. The Prussian seemed to have reached the name of his dosire. He turned into his tent and tackled a Hamburger steak for the first time in six days. Meantime the straddle-legged Irishman resumed his walk and bogan to snap the piliars of Krohne's castle in the air. The struggle of these two men appeared to be entirely overlooked by the crowd. The band kept up its noisy blast, but though the Garden was full there were no cheers.

HART AND GUYON.

Both Turning their 450th Mile-Then Getting into the Most Exciting Race of the Matel -The Colored Boy at Leagth Victorious. At 11:13 Hart riveted his share of the gate money by scoring his 450th mile. He was four

miles ahead of Guyon. At the same moment

Taylor achieved the magical figures 222. About this time Weston recognized an old friend at the reporters' desk. He shook hands with him and anathematized the smokers. He said that he was beaten on Monday night. The tobacco smoke was so dense that it affected his stomach. After that he retired early, fancying that the rink would be comparatively fresh in the early morning hours. Between midnight and daylight he found the smoke even more offensive than in the evening. "I don't care a button about the thing now," he said. " I could have kept the championship if no smoking had been allowed. Mind what I say, they can take

button about the thing now," he said. "I could have kept the championsnip if no smoking had been allowed. Mind what I say, they can take their belt, but it will come back again. I lost a good deal of time through sickness caused by cigar smoke, and when a man loses an hour he loses five miles in a race like this."

During this conversation Rowell filted by, clad in a parti-colored jockey cap, a cardigan jacket, a blue silk tie, and white tights. He looked like a heavy weight jockey out for an airing. Before midday he had again placed II miles between himself and Merritt, and seemed to gain stamina at every step.

The embers between Hart and Guyon had been amouldering for more than an hour. The flame burst out afresh. Hart was nearly 5 miles ahead, and crept into his flowery bower. Twenty-four baskets of flowers were strung in front of his tent, and nine rosy horseshoes were pinned above its entrance. Gaunt and hollow-eyed, Guyon seized his opportunity and staggered over the lane, watching the flaures at every lap. Weston had retired, much to the Canadian's relief. At noon Guyon had reduced Hart's lead to 3 miles, Medge and O'Leary carefully watened his progress, rendy to awaken Hurt at the critical moment.

While this work was being done Ennis razed Kobne's air castle. He sowed sait upon its foundations and slapped a gap between himself and Krolme so wide that the best English raceherse could not have taken it.

In thirty minutes Rowell, Merritt and Hazael again mounted the wheeled block, Merritt and a bunch of grapes being the motor. The figures on the block were separated by the action of Hazael, who sided into his tent. All but Weston took the inside of the track. The sawdust was trodden down until it resembled a produce of the band. The bones of the eatinct bird from New Zealand drew themselves from their tent and made a third chase for the band. At 12:25 a ripple of applause grew to his red the mouth, and he kept step with Merritt, who was walking with more than usual freedom. The roaring sent Hart from hi



GEORGE HAZAEL OF LONDON Takes Third Place and Will Win about \$5.750

regiment then went to pieces. The road was lined with stranglers, who were at the mercy of the guerrillas. The Pie Ester shot around the track like a stream of electricity. He seemed to be looking for his tent. The mystery of his actions was unraveled by Moswyny, O'Leary's shoomaker, who discovered that Taylor had wagered \$5 to \$1 that he would be on the track at the end of six days. At 5 o'clock there were fair chances of his winning this bet without losing his corner on sleep. It was a joyous day for the Pie Ester, because Federmeyer, the only man who competed with him in elemping, had withdrawn. The roand played a dead march, and this seemed to improve his spirits. His feet struck the sawdust four timesto every note, and he flitted among the tents as though undecided into which one to pop.

Towell reformed a new company. Merritt and Hazel promptly joined it. Hart shied at first, but finally stepped to the rear, lugging another huge floral horseshoe, presented by Mr. William P. Atkin of the Duf. Field and Farm. The men kept together more than half an hour, walking like well-drilled soldlers. Hart occasionally took command, and this seemed to excite the humor of Ennis. He pressed Rrohne and Guvon into service, and the two companies marched around the track to the music of "The Skids Are Out To-day" and the "Mulligan Guaris."

The beams of the setting sun shone through the windows for the last time before the close of the walk. The electric lights flooded the building with ghostly whiteness. The crowd was growing to immense proportions. Long files of police of levers marched around the track, and the officers marched at his secre as though the winning the outer edge of the track and at each tent. There were 170 police officers on duty, under the immediate command of Capt. Williams. On other nights th

EXCITEMENT IN THE GARDEN.

ored Boy Left Far Behind-Speciators Wildly Cheering and Shouting for the Men.

At 6 o'clock Merritt came from under his canvas, and Rowell, Hazael, and Hart began to